

# PSALMES.

OR

Syn. 8.63.193

## SONGS OF SION:

Turned into the language, and  
set to the tunes of a strange  
LAND.

By W. S. Lyster.

Intended for Church and Social  
and fitted to the most  
noted and various of the most  
famous and beautiful  
tunes.

LONDON,  
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To the right Honourable, his  
approved worthy friend, *S<sup>r</sup>. Thomas*  
*Finch*, Knight, Lord Maidston, a  
true Meccenas and Patron  
of the *MUSES*,

Noble *SIR*,

**Y** Our most Generous and He-  
roicall disposition, seene and  
manifested in love, and profes-  
sed affection to both Art and  
Armes, or whatsoever best  
things Learning and all landable Inventions,  
the daughters of Minerva and the Muses, in  
whom you may justly claime no small interest;  
makes me both offer this, and assured of your  
honourable and kindest acceptation (as in  
things of inferiour nature hath been daigned)  
more especially of these divine Sonnets, howso-  
ever the manner, not so werthily agreeing  
with the majesty of the matter, yet not meanly  
A 2 dignified

## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

dignified by the divinenesse and excellency of the subject: A Lyrique in his own ancient & native language, wherein I could also present him thus modernly dimensioned to our times, & therein the most worthy the best favour & regard. So offering it (such as it is) to your Patronage, having testimony sufficient of your courteous respect to any, even the meanest of my Poeticall essayes & endeavours in this kind, till fit opportunity be offered by the dedication of some graver treatise, (though better cannot be than this) to remember your honourable Name: I rest in all humility devoted

At your service,

WILLIAM SLATYER.

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# PSALMES, OR SONGS OF SION.

## PSALME I.



Hrice blest, who hath not bent  
e'ill countell tooe nor care,  
Nor path of sinners hent,  
nor fate in scorers chaire:  
But in the law of God the Lord  
hath set his whole delight,

And in that law, th' eternall Word,  
doth meditate day and night.

He's like the tree that springs  
fast by the rivers side,  
That faire fruit store forth brings  
in her due time and tide:  
Whose leafe shall neither fade nor fall,  
but flourish still and stand:  
The Lord, who plants, doth prosper all  
that this man takes in hand.

But now th' ungodly findes  
 his state is nothing so;  
 But like, by whirling windes,  
 chaffe scattered to and fro.  
 Therefore the wicked never can  
 in judgement stand upright,  
 Nor sinners with the righteous man  
 once come in place or sight.

For why the righteous hath  
 his wayes made so direct,  
 That to his vertuous path  
 the Lord doth yeeld respect.  
 When wayes of such as do decline  
 from Gods just statutes shounc,  
 And spurne against the lawes divine  
 shall quite be overthrowne.

## P S A L M E 6.

**T**Hine ire, Lord, on me do not wreake,  
 Nor in displeasure sell chastise me;  
 But on me, Lord, since I am weake  
 Have mercy, and do not despise me.  
 Lord, heale me; for my bones are vexed:  
 My soule is sicke, and sore perplexed.

But Lord, how long, how long, I say,  
 Wilt thou delay, and vengeance take?  
 Lord turne thee, save my soule I pray;  
 O save me for thy mercies sake:  
 For why, in death no man doth minde thee;  
 In pit, to praise thee, who will finde thee?

But I am weary of my groaning,  
 Each night wash I my bed with teares,  
 With teares of my sad plaint and moaning,  
 Watring my couch through cares and feares.

# Songs of Sion!

3

My beauty gone through foes disdainings,  
Worne away with my sad complaining.

Away yet from me sinners vaine,  
The Lord hath heard my voice, my grones,  
The Lord heares my petitionaine:  
Will take my prayer, attend my moane,  
And all my foes sore vext and wounded,  
Sham'd, turn'd backe, shall be soone confounded!

## PSALME 8.

**O** Lord our God and Governour, how his  
and excellent's thy Name every where?  
Thou that hast set thy glory great and majestic  
above the starry spangled sphere,  
Out of the mouth of tender sucklings thou  
art pleas'd to confound thy foes;  
For in those babes thou wilt thy might and glory show,  
thy graces they disclose.  
So when above me the heavens faire and his  
workes of those fingers of thine  
Sun, Moone, and stars I spy in cleere and azur skie,  
in order as thou point'st them to shine:  
What thing is man then, O Lord, to mind I call,  
that thou shouldst remember him?  
What mans race so small, his tons, and his posterity all,  
that thou shouldst consider them?  
For in degree thou hast made him little lesse  
or lower, than the Angels faire:  
When more thou did'st blesse, & crown him we confesse  
with dignity and glory rare:  
Thou mad'st him his dominion to bring  
over all thy handy workes of wonder,  
Laying every thing, advanced like a King  
his feet and subjection under.  
All sheep, and Neate, and beasts that appeare  
in the fields for to feed or abide;  
Foules of the ayre, or Fishes that repaire  
through the paths of the seas so wide:  
Therefore O Lord of glorious Majesty,  
Lord of th' whole world, that do'st heare,

My

A 4

How

How excellent and great's thy Name advanc't and glory  
above the starry spangled Spheare ? (hic)

## P S A L M E II.

**I**N the Lord put I my trust,  
how say ye then to my soule,  
To the mountaine that flye she must  
like a felly soule ?  
For lo the wicked bend their bow,  
with their shafts ready prest  
Vpon the string, to shoote at those,  
so they set up their rest.

Privily doe they hit th' upright  
that are in heart, whence throwne,  
When downe are the foundation quite,  
what hath the righteous done ?  
The Lord is in his holy place,  
in th' eaven is his Throne.  
His eyes consider the childrens case,  
his eye-lids try each one.

The Lord he will the righteous try,  
but the wicked doer,  
And him that loveth iniquity,  
doth his soule abhorre.  
Vpon the wicked he shall reigne  
fire, and brimstone, and snares,  
Stormy tempest shalbe their gaine,  
and cup to drinke their shares.

# Songs of Sion.

PSALME 13.

glory  
(hie

**H**ow long wilt thou forget me Lord?  
ever shall I faint?

How long wilt thou not grace afford  
to my sad complaint?

How long wilt thou thy visage hide  
from me as thou mean'st to chide?  
with thy faces, and thy graces,  
so much fear'd restraint.

How long shall I to my unrest  
daily making moane?

Take counsell thus within my brest,  
and with sighing groane.

How long else shall my deadly foe  
above me be exalted so?

My weary heart even daily smarting  
when I am alone.

Behold and heare me O my God,  
lighten thou mine eyes,

That I sleep not in death abhor'd,  
lest with open cry

My enemy rejoyce, and say,  
I have prevail'd against him ay:

And that tide when I slide,  
seem to get the prize.

But I will in thy mercy trust,  
and with heart and voice

In thy salvation, as I must,  
evermore rejoyce.

Yea, I will sing unto the Lord,  
because, according to his word,

Friendly he hath dealt with me,  
and freed me from annoyces.

A 7.

## PSALME 15.

**L**Ord, within thy Tabernacle  
 whom wilt thou receiue to dwell?  
 Or within the habitacle  
 of thy Sions sacred Cell,  
 Thy royall Tents high Battlements,  
 who shall ascend, where comes no ill,  
 With thee t' abide, ay to reside,  
 and rest upon thy holy Hill?  
 He whose life's upright, and whose  
 waies and workes are iust and streight,  
 Whose heart thoughts of truth disclose,  
 and whose tongue speaks no deceit,  
 Nor wish nor will his neighbour ill,  
 in body, honour, goods, or name:  
 Nor willing takes false tales, or makes  
 report, that might impaire the same.  
 That in heart doth not regard  
 malicious wicked men and vile:  
 But who love and feare the Lord  
 he maketh much of them the while.  
 That keeps his oath, his word, and troth,  
 according to their free intent,  
 Nor will forgoe his promise, though  
 he finde it to his detriment.  
 That indeed hath never lent  
 to the vsurious trade his coine,  
 Ne for to hurt the innocent  
 did bribe, play false, or else purloine:  
 Who so doth all these things, that shall  
 be pleasing to thy heavenly doome,  
 Lord, cannot here in this world feare,  
 nor perith in the world to come.

# Songs of Sion. 7

## PSALME 16.

**S**Ave me and preserve me ever,  
O my God, for in thy word  
I trusted; and my soule persever:  
thou hast said unto the Lord,  
Thou art my Lord, my King, my God:  
my goods are nothing unto thee.  
Those love I well on earth that dwell  
in vertue that excelling be:  
Sorrowes to them that runne after  
other gods shall be enlarged,  
Their blood offerings I'll not offer,  
neither shall my lips be charged  
Once with their names, to shew the same.  
The Lord himselfe disdaineth not  
My heritage free portion to be,  
my cup, and to maintaine my lot.  
Vnto me the line is fallen  
in a faire and pleasant place;  
A goodly heritage befallen.  
I will praise Iehovah's grace,  
That warning gave my soule to save,  
my reins anights his chastnings bide,  
I set thee, and at my right hand  
Lord stood'st thou, that I should not slide.  
Heart was glad, my tongue and glory,  
flesh reioyce, and rest in hope;  
For thou wilt not leave me sorry,  
nor my soule in grave to droope.  
And since from grave my soule to save  
thou wilt not let to set me free,  
Shall never sure, in pit impure,  
thy holy One corruption see.

Thou

Thou shalt show O Lord most holy  
unto me the path of life;  
For with thee the fountaine wholly  
is of health, and pleasures rise.  
Before thy face that happie place  
abounds with ioy such plenteous store.  
Thy presence, and at thy right hand  
full blisse and life for evermore.

## P S A L M E 19.

**L**ord, the Heavens high and faire,  
starrie Spheares, and Orbes there under,  
Gloriously they do declare  
all thy mightie workes of wonder:  
Day to day do shew the same,  
night to night record thy fame.  
No language, tongue, or speech,  
in which their voices are not found,  
Thy noble acts with lively sound  
to th' ends of th' earth to preach.  
There he set a Tabernacle  
for the Son that Bridegroomc wife,  
From his chambers receptacle,  
doth in Eastern regions rise,  
And with valiant champions grace,  
giant-like to run his race.  
Advanceth in the skie  
from end to end, that nothing did  
Escape, or from the heat were hid,  
or beames of daies bright eye.  
Perfect, and the soule converting  
is thy law and iudgments sure,  
Wisdomc to the weake in parting,  
thy commandements are pure,

Giving



## Songs of Sion.

9

Giving light unto the eies,  
they reioyce the heart likewise.  
Thy lawes and statutes either  
cleane, thy feare endures alway,  
Truth thy testimonies ay,  
and righteous altogether.  
Precious more than gold admired,  
than much fined gold thy doore,  
Sweeter, and to be desired  
more than hony or hony-combes:  
They forewarne me in my way,  
what's so deare & sweet as they?  
High honour they intend,  
in keeping them's great recompense.  
Oh who can tell his secret sin,  
how oft he doth offend?  
Cleanse, O cleanse my negligence,  
secret faults my soule that staine:  
So freed, o're me foule offences  
nor presumptuous sins shall raigne;  
But from many blotz made cleane,  
let my soule her selfe demeane,  
And tongue as may besee me her,  
that both thought of heart & word  
May acceptable be, O Lord,  
my strength, and my Redeemer.

### PSALME 23.

**M**Y Shepheard is the ever living Lord,  
and so loving I nothing can need;  
In pastures faire, by his heavenly word  
conducting me forth to feed.  
Pleasantly he, to the fountaines that be  
led along by the fruitfull field,

And

And my soule he did guide downe to the rivers side,  
 that the waters of comfort yeeld.  
 Yea, though I walke in the vallie of death,  
 that I need not to feare none ill:  
 For it is thou mak'st me still draw my breath,  
 by the power of thy holy will.  
 And with thy rod thou wilt save me O God  
 making haste with thy shepheards crooke,  
 To relieve me that breath in the shadow of death  
 by thy favour and gracious looke:  
 For in the presence of all envious foes  
 my table hast thou richly spread;  
 Filling full my cup till it quite overflowes,  
 and with balme didst annoint my head:  
 So that now finally, all my life till I dye,  
 to thy mercie my selfe I commend; (place,  
 And the Temple of thy grace shall bee my dwelling  
 where the rest of my daies will I spend.

## P S A L M E 42.

**L**ike th' Hart that strays,  
 Breathes, pants, and brayes,  
 To the rivers faire to gaine,  
 Even so my poore heart right faine,  
 My soule I crie:  
 Thirsts, O when nie  
 To the living God of might,  
 Shall I come to appeare in his sight?  
 All times my teares  
 Are my repast and food,  
 And more my feares,  
 When wicked men deride,  
 Where now is God thy guide;  
 Stood I at the tide  
 In sad and heavie mood.

# Songs of Sion.

II

de,  
My soule ev'n faints,  
Voide of her best delight,  
Since now she wants  
What ficedonic once she had,  
When to the Temple glad  
As her traine she led  
Musique and songs she might.  
Why art thou so  
Surcharg'd with woe,  
O my soule, and rob'd of rest;  
Hope and help is in God most blest:  
Trust in his Name,  
And praise the same.  
O my God, my soule is sad,  
Yet thee I remember glad:  
ace,  
ling  
For Iordans land,  
And little Hermon hill,  
Whiles great deepes, and  
Griefes one another call,  
Ills, like to water-falls,  
Stormes, whose noise appalls,  
Thy fouds o'rewhelme me fill.  
In God by day  
Mercie and grace I finde,  
By night alway  
I unto him will sing;  
And as oft praier bring,  
As my heavenly King,  
God of my life I minde.  
To God I say, my strength and stay,  
Why hast thou forgotten me,  
Though I mourn and oppressed be?  
Or why else so  
Do I troubled go,

As

My

As heauie and ill appaid,  
 Whiles enemies me upbraid.  
 My bones as 'twere  
 Smit with a sword asunder,  
 Whiles those I feare,  
 My foes that me upbraid,  
 Where now is God thine aid?  
 To me daily said,  
 Making at me a wonder.  
 Why art thou so  
 Vext O my soule, and sore  
 Perplext with woe?  
 O trust in God most hie,  
 For on his helpe relie,  
 Praise him ay will I,  
 My God and hope evermore.

## P S A L M E 43.

I Vdge my cause, O Lord,  
 And give sentence for me:  
 My iust plea record  
 Against the ungodly throng.  
 From deceitfull crue,  
 Those that do abhorre me,  
 Save me Lord most true,  
 And revenge my wrong.  
 O God of my strength,  
 Why hast thou at length  
 Put me far away from thee?  
 And O Lord, why so  
 Heavily doe I goe,  
 Whiles my foe oppresseth me?  
 O send out in brightnesse  
 For my soules uprightnesse.

And to guide me in the way,  
 Thy lights beames reflecting,  
 And thy truth directing,  
 That my steps go not astray.  
 To thy holy hill  
 And supernall palace,  
 Lord conduct me still,  
 By thy truth and grace.  
 To thy Temple so,  
 God of ioy and solace,  
 Thy Courts will I go;  
 Even thy holy place,  
 On the harpe with glee,  
 Ple give thanks to thee,  
 Thou O God, my God most deere:  
 Why art thou so vext,  
 O my soule perplext,  
 In so sad and heauie cheere?  
 O in God most holy,  
 Put thy trust then wholly.  
 Vnto him will I give praise,  
 That in favour ever  
 Doth to me perseuer,  
 God my hope and helpe alwaies.

## PSALME 47.

**A**ll people clap your hands,  
 Sing laud unto the Lord,  
 Advance your notes with merry noise,  
 And telling tune with ioyfull voice  
 His wonders all abroad.  
 For why, above all lands,  
 The Lord is high and great,

And

A ter-

A terrible and mighty King,  
Angell quires his praises sing,  
In heaven his glorious seat.  
The people under us he subdu'd;  
Vnder our feet the nations rude;  
So the Heathen all  
He did make, and shall  
Vnder our feet to fall.  
For his owne sake alone,  
And he himselfe an heritage,  
The flowing worship of that age;  
For us now to whose  
Race his lore he showes,  
And Jacobs glory chose,  
His welbeloved one.  
God he is, out of the earth,  
Ascended up on hie,  
Gone in triumphs merry noise,  
And with trumpets royall voice  
Vp to the starrie skie.  
Sing to our God with mirth,  
Sing praises to our King;  
For God is King of all the earth,  
Sing to him with greatest mirth,  
With understanding sing.  
God doth o're the Heathen raigne.  
God that will his cause maintaine,  
God that sits alone,  
On his holy Throne,  
And is other none,  
Doth heaven and earth behold,  
And how the princes all abroad  
Are to the people of Abrahams God.  
Ioyn'd, who they intend,

As with a shield defends  
All th' earth, and to that end,  
High only to be extol'd.

## PSALME 48.

**G**reat is the Lord on hie,  
And great his praises still  
To be advanc't, and spread abroad  
Within the City of our God  
Vpon his holy hill.  
Mount Sion North doth lie,  
And is a pleasant place,  
Whence ioy of all the lands doth spring,  
The City of the mighty King  
Doth so this mountaine grace.  
In whose pallaces is shounc,  
God for a refuge surely knowne;  
For so the King each one  
Gathered, and to get her gone,  
Were astonied, as thereon  
They gaze, & with wondring muse.  
Suddenly driven backe they were,  
Feare came upon them, and sorrow there,  
As on a woman in  
Travell, and destroyed they be  
Like the ships of Tharsis, when  
With East windes thou wilt them bruise.  
As we have heard it said,  
So have we seen of old,  
Within the City of the Lord  
Of hosts, the City of our God,  
That ever he will uphold.  
O Lord, we wait for aid,

Amid'st

Amid' st thy holy place,  
 According to thy Name thy praise,  
 Vnto the worlds end do raise.  
 Thy loving kindnesse and grace,  
 Thy right hand thy Saints confesse,  
 Lord, is full of righteousnesse:  
 Hence Mount Sions voice,  
 And the daughters noise  
 Of Iuda glad reioyce,  
 Cause of thy iudgements pure.  
 Compasse Sion, compasse her walls,  
 Tell well her towers and bulwarkes all,  
 Marke well her towers, that ye  
 May tell posterity,  
 God 's our God, and e're will be,  
 Our guide till death most sure:

## P S A L M E 52.

**W**Hy dost thou boast thy selfe abroad,  
 thou tyrant, that thou canst do ill:  
 The loving kindnesse of our God  
 seene daily, it continueth still.  
 Deceit and fraud do in thy bosome lurke,  
 and as thy lewd heart doth devise,  
 Thy tongue is making of despitefull worke,  
 like rasor sharpe it cuts with lies.  
 Thou euill more than good approu' st,  
 more than truth to speake lies and guile:  
 All words that may destroy thou lov' st,  
 O thou deceitfull tongue and vile;  
 Therefore shall God destroy thee, plucke and take,  
 and root thee quite out of thy tent,  
 From the land of the living, thee to make  
 go int' eternall banishment.



The righteous shall see this, and feare,  
 and laugh at him, and say, behold,  
 What is become of this man here,  
 that on his riches was so bold?  
 Lo he that tooke not God his fortitude,  
 but in his malice put his strength,  
 And in his riches and their multitude,  
 he sell, and perisht thus at length:  
 But as for me, I shall be seene  
 in Gods house alwaies to persever,  
 Like to an Olive tree so greene,  
 my trust was in his mercies ever;  
 So I will alwaies praise thy holy Name,  
 for that, O Lord, thou hast done this:  
 I will hope in thy Name, because the same,  
 before thy Saints so ioyfull is.

## PSALME 57.

**H**Ave mercie, O my God, have mercie strait,  
 My soule doth trust in thee, and on thee wait:  
 In shadow of thy wings my hope is plac't,  
 Vntill this tyrannie be over-past.

I'll call unto the most high God, even he;  
 God that performes his promise towards me:  
 For he will send from his high heaven, & save me  
 From their reproofe, would swallow & deprave me.

God will send out his mercy and his truth;  
 My soule 'mong lions is, I lie in ruth  
 'Mong mens sons, that are set on fire, their words,  
 Their teeth are speares & shafts, their tongues sharp  
 Exalt thy self above the heavens, O God, (swords  
 Thy glorie aye on all the earth abroad.  
 Nets laid they in my way my soule t'oppresse,  
 Pits too, but fell in their owne wickednesse.

My

My heart, O God, prepared is alwaies,  
 My heart's prepar'd, I will sing and give praise:  
 Awake my glory, Lute and Harpe I'll take,  
 And I my selfe right early will awake.  
 I will praise thee, O Lord, among the nations,  
 I'll sing to thee among all generations.  
 Thy mercy great unto the heaven doth reach,  
 Thy truth exceeds, and to the clouds doth stretch;  
 Exalt thy selfe above the heavens, O God,  
 Thy glorie aye o're all the earth abroad.  
 Awake my Violl, Lute and Harpe awake,  
 To praise the Lord sweet musicke let us make.

## P S A L M E 60.

**O** God, thou hast ev'n cast us out of yore,  
 And scattred us, been angry with us fore:  
 O turne againe unto us; thou hast made  
 The land to tremble, and with feare to fade.  
 O heale the breaches; for it fore doth shake;  
 The breaches thereof that thy hands did make.  
 Thou shewest the people heavie things, in fine  
 Thou mad'st us drinke a draught of deadly wine.  
 But now thou hast advanc't an ensigne knowne,  
 A token given to them that are thine owne:  
 To them that feare thee, and  
 In cause of truth by them to be displaied.  
 That thy beloved may be fully freed,  
 Helpe with thy right hand, heare me at my need.  
 God in his holinesse spake, reioyce I shall,  
 Sechem divide, and mete our Succoth vale;  
 Gilead is mine, Manasses mine shalbe,  
 Strength of my head is Ephraim, Iuda he  
 My Law-giver, Moab my wash-pot nam'd,  
 I will cast out my shoe o're Edom sam'd;

So will I triumph, and in this designe  
 Shew thy selfe ioyfull for me Palestine.  
 Who will leade me into the City great?  
 Who will bring me unto strong Edoms seat?  
 Wilt thou not God that helpedst us of yore,  
 Goe with our armies forth, as heretofore?  
 'Gainst troubles, O God, give us aide againe;  
 For else we know the helpe of man is vaine.  
 Through God we shall do valiant acts well knowne,  
 For he shall tread our cruell enemies downe.

## PSALME 61.

**R**egard, O Lord, for I complaine,  
 And make my moane to thee;  
 Let not my words returne in vaine,  
 But lend an eare to me:  
 For from the end and utmost part  
 Of th' earth, in anguish of my heart  
 I cry, I cry, O heare my woes:  
 And on the rocke of thy great power,  
 My hope, my helpe, my fort, my tower,  
 O God, my woefull minde repose.  
 Within thy tent, O King of kings,  
 I long and hope to dwell,  
 Vnder the covering of thy wings  
 I trust, and know right well  
 I shalbe safe; for thou wast neere  
 O God, and didst my prayer heare,  
 And wilt, and wilt fulfill the same.  
 Thou Lord do'st my desire regard,  
 And wilt with gracious gifts reward  
 All those, all those that seeke thy Name.  
 A long life thou wilt give the King,  
 For many an age to raigne;

His

His yeares shall fresh for ever spring,  
 Before God to remaine,  
 Where he shall have a dwelling place ;  
 And for thy mercy, truth, and grace,  
 Shall praise, shall praise thy holy Name:  
 So will I sing thy praise still,  
 Performe my duties, vowes fulfill,  
 And daily, daily pay the same.

## P S A L M E 63.

**T**HOU, O God, art my God whom I early enquire,  
 My soule thirsteth for thee, my flesh doth desire  
 And long after thee the true fountaine of blisse,  
 In a barren and dry land where no water is.  
 O let me behold thee in thy Sanctuary,  
 And see thy great maiesty, power, and glory ;  
 For thy loving kindnesse is better than life,  
 And my lips will be telling thy praises most rise.  
 So Lord will I magnifie thee all my daies,  
 And lift up my hands in thy Name to thy praise :  
 My soule shall be filled with marrow and fatnesse,  
 Mouth and heart praising thee with lip-offerings of glad-  
 Oft thou on my bed art remembered by me, (nesse)  
 And in the night season I thinke upon thee  
 Because thou hast been my defence from annoyes,  
 Vnder the shadow of thy wings will I therefore reioyce.  
 My soule cleaveth unto thee ; for thy right hand  
 Upholdeth me, and therefore Lord shall I stand :  
 And who seeke for my soule to destroy it, into  
 The nethermost parts of the earth they shall go,  
 And with th' edge of the sword they shalbe cast downe,  
 Made a portion for foxes, whiles ioy the King crownes:  
 And who sweare by him, by Gods truth underpropt,  
 But the mouth of all those that speake lies shalbe stopt.

# Songs of Sion.

21

## PSALME 65.

**O** God all praise on thee doth wait,  
In Sion thine owne hill:  
The vow shalbe performed strait,  
According to thy will.  
Because the praier of all and some  
Thou hear'st, to thee shall all flesh come.  
O Lord, O Lord of hosts most hye,  
My wicked deeds prevailed have;  
But thou, O Lord, in mercie save  
My soule, my soule, or else I dye.  
The man is blest whom thou dost chuse,  
And mak'st to come to thee,  
That doth thy house and Temple use,  
Where choicest pleasures be;  
Whom in thy Courts thou mak'st to dwell,  
Where all good things and ioyes excell,  
The soules, the soules sweet satisfactions;  
But thou in iustice threatnest thine,  
And answerest us with fearefull signes,  
O God, O God of our salvation.  
O thou the hope of all, and stay  
Of th' ends of th' earth, O God,  
And of them that far off do stray  
In the wilde seas abroad,  
That stablishest the mountaines strong,  
And girt with power that doth belong  
To thee, to thee, the God of might.  
The peoples tumults canst appease,  
And still the noise of raging seas,  
The noise of waves that would affright.  
Lord, they in th' utmost parts of th' earth  
That dwell, as't were dismayed;

B

Though

Though East and West reioyce with mirth,  
 Are at thy signes affraid,  
 Thou mak'st th' out-goings with thy voice,  
 Of Morne and Evening to reioyce,  
 And so thou visitest th' earth with raine,  
 Thou moistned'st it, and mak'st it rich,  
 The river of God is plenteous, which  
 In store, prepares them corne and graine:  
 As thou appointest it to be,  
 The fields with fruit doe fill,  
 Thou waterest so abundantly  
 Her furrowes from the hill.  
 From whence thou mak'st the raine descend  
 Into the vallies, to that end,  
 With showres made soft and to abound,  
 Whose bud thou blestest every where,  
 And with thy goodnesse crown'st the yeere;  
 Thy clouds drop fatnesse on the ground,  
 O're all the deserts they shall drop,  
 Such plenty on the earth:  
 The fields and plaines shall yeeld their crop,  
 The hills reioyce with mirth,  
 The little hills shall compass be  
 With gladnesse, and with merry glee,  
 That they with ecchoing noile shall ring;  
 With sheep the plaines and pastures greene,  
 With corne the vallies covered beene,  
 Yecomen do shout for ioy, and sing.

## P S A L M E 84.

O Lord, how amiable  
 Thy Tabernacles be?  
 The dwelling place, and Temple of thy grace,  
 How pleasant Lord to me?

My soule, Lord God of Sabbath,  
 Longs to thy Court to go.  
 My heart doth pant,  
 My flesh reioyce and faint,  
 The living God to know.  
 The Sparrow hath found her a house,  
 And the Swallow,  
 A nest for to lay her yong,  
 Even thy Altars among,  
 O Lord of hosts most holy,  
 My God and King, and solely  
 Great, glorious wholly, and most strong,  
 O blessed they that dwelling  
 In thy house sing thy praise,  
 And blessed he,  
 Whose strength it is in thee:  
 And in whose heart thy waies,  
 Who going through the vallie  
 Of teares digge fountaines still,  
 Till with those teares,  
 As springs it all appeares:  
 Thy raine their pooles doth fill,  
 And so from strength to strength do they go,  
 In the beauty of holinesse cleere,  
 Till at last everie one do appeare,  
 Before the Lord in Sion,  
 Whose mercy they relie on,  
 And God of gods set eye-on there.  
 Lord God of hosts my praier,  
 Thou God of Iacob heare,  
 Shield us in grace, and looke upon the face  
 Of thine Anointed deere.  
 O a day in thy Court 's better  
 Than a thousand other where,





# Songs of Sion.

25

There is he borne,  
Is of Sion reported,  
And famous men of yore,  
Many that to the most Holy resorted,  
And he will stablish her store;  
Shew then he shall,  
That the chiefeft of all,  
Had his beginning there,  
When he doth his folke descry,  
And all pleasant things,  
My fountaines and springs,  
Quire, fingers, are in thee here,  
O thou Citie of God most hie,

## PSALME 93.

**T**He Lord as King aloft doth reigne,  
all clad and girt with power,  
And maiestie in heaven so hie,  
his seat and sacred bower,  
Whereas no eie, the Decitie  
e're saw, save tending on her,  
Those Angels faine, and Cherub traines,  
with glory cloth'd and honour.  
The world thou hast so surely plac't,  
unmou'd it doth perseuer,  
Thy throne much more secur'd of yore,  
the heaven of heavens for ever:  
Before the Chime of ruinous time,  
this world's frame set or wrought on,  
And aye her state, beyond all date  
of time that can be thought on.  
The floods, O Lord, the floods record  
thy praise, and with their voices,

B 3

The

The flouds do rave, lift up their waves,  
 and rage with horrid noises.  
 Though flouds with noise lift up their waves,  
 and seas enraged swelling,  
 With waves so hie, would kisse the skie,  
 yet thou art higher dwelling.  
 Most mightie Lord, true is thy word,  
 thy promise failing never;  
 And holinesse, thy Saints professe,  
 becomes thy house for ever.

## P S A L M E 97.

**T**He Lord alone aloft doth raigne,  
 let peoples maz'd assemble,  
 He sits between the Cherubims,  
 though th' earth be mov'd and tremble.  
 The Lord is great in Sions seat,  
 and high above all nations;  
 Yea, they shall fame thy fearfull Name,  
 throughout all generations.  
 'Tis holy sure, and the Kings power,  
 iudgement prepares and loves it,  
 That iustice be and equitie  
 in Iacob, he approves it.  
 Exalt with praise my God alwaies,  
 upon the Lords Name calling,  
 'Tis holy knowne, so then bow downe,  
 before his footstoole falling.  
 Moses among the Priestly throng,  
 and Aaron who belceved;  
 With Samuel one, who call'd upon  
 his Name, and were relieved.  
 Out of the smoakie pillar spake he  
 unto them, while he drave them:

Like pastured sheep, his lawes they keep,  
 and statutes that he gave them.  
 Heard them thou hast, O Lord, and wast  
 so favourable to them,  
 How didst thou take for their deeds sake,  
 the vengeance due unto them?  
 Make Gods praise knowne, lo falling downe  
 before his holy mountaine;  
 For high in blisse, and holy he is,  
 love, grace, and mercies fountaine.

## PSALME 99.

**T**He Lord in heaven aloft doth raigne,  
 and there triumphant sitting;  
 Let the earth reioyce with mirthfull noise,  
 and numerous Isles as fitting.  
 Blacke pitchy clouds, and darknetic shrowds,  
 his throne on iudgement founded,  
 Fierce fires that trace before his face,  
 lick up his foes confounded.  
 His lightnings round, thone on the ground,  
 th' earth saw it and was affrighted:  
 Mountaines like waxe did melt, like flaxe  
 were at his presence lighted.  
 His presence this whole world, that is  
 great Lord, and mightie owner:  
 Heavens shew his glory, and iustice story,  
 all Nations see his honour,  
 Where all that carved Idols served,  
 and glory in them, confounded:  
 This Sion had heard, and was glad,  
 through Salem mirth resounded:  
 So Iuda's voice, and daughters noise,  
 thy bests and mercies on her;

O Lord most hie, 'bove earth and skie,  
 all ye gods give him honour.  
 Who love the Lord, hate vice abhor'd,  
 his Saints ioules he preserveth:  
 From wicked and ungodly's hand,  
 who serve him, he conserveth.  
 Sprung for th' upright in heart is light,  
 and for the godly sowne,  
 Are ioy and wealth, and saving health,  
 and all good blessings knowne:  
 Reioyce O then, ye righteous men,  
 this your memoriall raises;  
 To th' holy Lord with one accord,  
 sing everlastig praises.

## P S A L M E I O I.

**M**ercy I will and iudgement sing,  
 to thee O Lord most holy:  
 And unto thee, O Lord, will bring  
 my song, and praier wholly,  
 Wisely I shall in perfect way,  
 untill thou come in brightnesse,  
 Do right, and in my house alway  
 walke in my hearts uprightnesse.  
 No wicked thing mine eies shall see,  
 deeds hate I of back-sliders,  
 A froward heart shall part from me,  
 and slanderous lewd deriders:  
 A priuie whisperer I'll not brooke,  
 'gainst neighbour, to annoy him,  
 The proud heart, high and haughty looke,  
 I cannot but destroy him.  
 Vnto the meeke mine eies are bent,  
 who in the land are faithfull,

# Songs of Sion.

29

Shall serve and dwell within my tent;  
 who's profit, not deceitfull,  
 The lyar shall my eie not pitie,  
 I'll spoile the wicked wholly,  
 And cut off sinners from the Citie  
 of God the Lord most holy,

## PSALME 108.

**O** God, my heart prepared is,  
 so is my tongue and voice;  
 I will sing and give praise, in this  
 my glorie shall reioyce.  
 Wake, be not mute, Harpe, Violl, Lute,  
 and I my selfe right early will awake:  
 Thy praise I'll sing, and Name, O King,  
 'mong Heathen knowne, & Nations will I make,  
 'Bove heavens high, thy mercie's great,  
 thy truth reach't to the clouds;  
 Exalt thy selfe 'bove heavens seat,  
 all th' earth thy glorie throwd.  
 That so set free thy beloved be,  
 help with thy right hand O God, & heare my  
 In holinesse now, hath God we know (voice.  
 thus spoken, I will triumph and reioyce.  
 Fortrophees, Sichem I'll divide,  
 and mere out Succoth vale,  
 Gilcad is mine, Manasses side  
 unto my share shall fall,  
 Strength of my head is Ephraim, head  
 of Law-giver is Iuda; a wash-pot to me  
 Is Moab; I'll throw o're Edom my shoe;  
 o're Palestine I'll triumph and joy full be.  
 Who'll leade me to the Citie strong,  
 me into Edom bring?

B

shall

Wilt not thou, who hast left us long,  
 againe O God and King  
 Forth with us go, our armies so  
 'gainst troubles t' aid's, else help of man's but  
 Through God shall we do valiantly, (vaine:  
 who shall tread down our enemies cruell traine.

## PSALME IIO.

**T**He Lord unto my Lord did say,  
 Sit thou at my right hand for ay,  
 Till at thy feet so humbly laid,  
 Thy foes I have thy footstool made.  
 The Lord then out of Sion bright,  
 Shall send the scepter of thy might:  
 Thou shalt be ruler with thy rod,  
 Yea, how commander thou shalt be,  
 Amidst thine enemies all shall see.  
 And in that day, in which thy raigne  
 They shall behold, and power plaine,  
 The people free-will offerings shall,  
 And holy armie offer all,  
 Who presents shall to thee O King,  
 In beaurty of holy worship bring:  
 For lo, the dew of thy birth shewes  
 Like wombe of youth, and mornings dewes,  
 Like mornings dew, dew of thy birth,  
 To fat, enrich, and fresh the earth.  
 The Lord hath sworne, and never may  
 Repent, thou art a Priest for ay  
 After Melchisedechs order blest,  
 Of the most high God, Saint and Priest.  
 The Lord at thy right hand, that stownd,  
 Stately Kings in his wrath shall wound,

# Songs of Sion.

31

The heathen brought and Nations all,  
Before his iudgement seat, he shall,  
Filling their places with their dead,  
O're mightie Kingdomes smite th' head,  
And drinking of the Brooke in 's way,  
Lift up his royall head that day.

## PSALME 114.

WHen that Israel was bent  
out of Egypt land,  
And the house of Iacob went  
from that Barbarian strand,  
Iuda was his Sanctuary,  
and his holy bower ;  
Israel did see his glory,  
dominion, might, and power.  
So the sea that fled amaz'd,  
saw it, and admired;  
Iordans floud that stood still and gaz'd,  
turning backe retired.  
Mountaines skipped like to rams,  
and did quake for feare ;  
Little hils like trembling lambes,  
silly ones they appeare.  
O thou sea, what didst thou aile,  
that thou fled'st amazed ?  
Iordans floud, that thou didst quail,  
turned'st backe and gazed ?  
Mountains that you skipt like rams,  
and did trembling shake ?  
Little hils that like to lambes,  
you did feare and quake ?  
Th' earth did tremble before the face  
of the Lord so victorious,

Of

Of thy mighty and puissant grace,  
 Jacobs God most glorious.  
 Sea and land, little hils and mountaines,  
 the Lord God do feare:  
 From the flint that maketh the fountaines,  
 rockes to gush, rivers cleere.

## PSALME 117.

**A**Ll Nations with mirth  
 praise ye the Lord alwaies,  
 And all the kinreds of the earth,  
 set forth his noble praise:  
 For great is his grace,  
 his loving kindnesse ay,  
 Towards them that seeke his face,  
 and will no time decay.  
 The truth of the Lord  
 endureth for evermore;  
 Ye Nations all, with one accord,  
 praise ye the Lord therefore.

All praise and honour be  
 to Father glorious most:  
 (God three in one, and one in three)  
 with Son and Holy Ghost.  
 As since the worlds prime,  
 hath e're bin heretofore,  
 And is now at this present time,  
 and shalbe evermore.



# Songs of Sion.

33

## PSALME III.

**I**Lift mine eies  
 Vp to the mountaines and the skies,  
 Fixing eye on sacred Sion,  
 Where my hope and helpe relies:  
 My helpe alone,  
 Comes from the Lord his glorious throne.  
 Heaven that made, and earth that laid,  
 His footstoole that we stand upon.  
 It is he that helpeth thee,  
 Suffering not thy foot to slide:  
 He that keepeth thee, not sleepeth,  
 No, nor slumbreth any tide;  
 For behold who Israel keeps,  
 Never slumbers once nor sleeps:  
 O he that keepeth Israel,  
 Never slumber him besell.  
 The Lord is hee,  
 That evermore preserveth thee;  
 He doth stand at thy right hand,  
 His shadow thy defence to be:  
 The Lord alway shall keep thee,  
 That the Sun by day,  
 Or Moone by night shall thee not smite,  
 Or harme with light or piercing ray:  
 It is he defendeth thee,  
 The Lord thy keeper and thy guide,  
 That doth still from all ill,  
 Save thy soule as at this tide:  
 He thy going out did blesse,  
 And thy comming in no lesse,  
 And who preserved thee heretofore,  
 Henceforth will and evermore.

PSAL.

## PSALME 122.

**I** Did in heart reioyce, to heare the people say,  
 So lovingly with one accord,  
 Into the houle of God the Lord,  
 We will goe up and pray;  
 Right ioyfull was the voice, and gracious speech of  
 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, (them:  
 O City thou of glorious state,  
 The faire Ierusalem.  
 Ierusalem is builded so neate,  
 Like to a City at unie; a seate  
 Whereunto the Tribes resort,  
 Even the Tribes of the Lord,  
 To testifie with one accord,  
 His name unto Israel:  
 And so for to set forth the praise  
 Of his holy Name alwaies;  
 And for this respect,  
 There were the thrones erect  
 Of iudgement, to direct  
 And governe thy people well.  
 There were the thrones erect  
 Of Davids house for ay;  
 Now therefore for the peace  
 Of Ierusalem's encrease,  
 Let us for ever pray.  
 Let them all, that do respect  
 And love thee, prosper still:  
 Ioy be within thy wals, and peace  
 And plentie in thy pallaces,  
 And on thy holy hill.  
 For my faithfull brethrens sake,  
 And companions, I will make

Praiers to God on hye,  
 For thee withing thy  
 Plentie and prosperity,  
 For ever to endure.  
 And because of the house we see  
 Of the Lord our God in thee,  
 I will evermore,  
 Seeke thy welfare and store;  
 And to do thee good therefore,  
 In what I may procure.

## PSALME 123.

Vp to thee I lift mine eies,  
 thou that dwellest in the skies,  
 As the eies of servants bend,  
 on their masters hand to tend;  
 Or a maiden meeke applies,  
 to her mistresse hand her eies:  
 So O Lord our God do strait,  
 all our eies upon thee wait,  
 Till that thou looke downe upon us,  
 and O Lord have mercy on us.  
 Lord haue mercy on us then,  
 and forgive us sinfull men;  
 Save our soules, that for thy sake,  
 much contempt upon us take,  
 Suffering sore rebuke and shame,  
 and ev'n filled with the same,  
 Whiles the rich and worldly wise,  
 with the proud do us despise.  
 Though their mocking stockes they make vs,  
 save yet O Lord, and take us:  
 Vp to thee I lift mine eies,  
 thou that dwellest in the skies.

PSAL.

## P S A L M E 124.

**I**F the Lord himfelfe had not been on our fide;  
 may Israel now fay, but he is our guide :  
 If the Lord had not been on our fide, when men  
 rofe fo furious againft us, they had swallowed us then.  
 They had swallowed us up quick in wrathfull difplea-  
 their anger was kindled fo hot above meafure. (fure,  
 The waters had drown'd us then without controule,  
 the deep ftreams had gone even over our foule.  
 The fierce swelling waters of envie and pride,  
 had gone over foule with fuch a ftrong tide :  
 But prais'd be the Lord, that hath not given us o're  
 for a prey to their teeth, that our fouls would have tore.  
 Our foule is efcap't like a bird with good fpeed,  
 from the fnares of the Fowler, that broken, we freed.  
 Our helpe's in the Name of the Lord alwaies,  
 that hath made heaven and earth, to his Name be the  
 (praise.

## P S A L M E 126.

**W**HEN as the gracious and mercifull Lord,  
 Meant the delivery of his captiv'd Sion.  
 And had againe in his mercy reftor'd  
 Their heavie loffes, his promife that relye on,  
 Then, O then, got from extreame  
 Slavery and vileneffe,  
 We were like to them that dreame,  
 Freed from all fervileneffe;  
 And with glee, how did we  
 Triumph over fad annoy,  
 Being our mouth filled now with  
 Laughter, and our tongue with ioy ?  
 So were the Heathen and Nations foone  
 Forced to fay, and confeffe before our faces,  
 What mighty things for them all he had done,  
 Praifing his heavenly goodneffe and his graces.  
 Then,

Then, O then, how much more we  
Bound to magnifie him,  
Having much more cause to be  
Glad, and glorifie him?  
For no lesse, we confesse,  
And recount with merry noise,  
How great things,  
To passe he brings  
For us, whereto we do reioyce.

## PSALME 130.

**O** Ut of the deeps in great distresse,  
where doubts and dangers me oppresse,  
I call to thee, Lord heare my voice,  
consider well my great annoyces:  
And let thine eare receiue my moanes,  
my sighes, my teares, my plaints, and groanes.  
If thou shouldst be extreame, O Lord,  
to marke in thought, in deed, and word,  
What's done amisse, O who shall stand  
under thy strict all-searching hand?  
Or when in truth thine eies haue tri'd it,  
and iudgement, Lord, who may abide it?  
But there is mercy Lord with thee,  
mercy, that feared thou maist bee;  
And we will love and feare the same,  
and waite upon thy holy Name.  
I looked Lord, and patiently,  
my soule waits on the Lord most hye:  
My trust is in his holy word,  
my soule it flies unto the Lord.  
Before the morning-watch betime,  
early before the morning prime,

The

The dawning morning-watch I say,  
 my soule flies to the Lord to pray.  
 O Israel trust in the Lord,  
 for with him there is mercy stor'd,  
 And plenteous redemption, he  
 from all his sins will Israel free:  
 From sting of death, and feare of hell,  
 and paines, redeeme his Israel.

## P S A L M E 137.

**A** Swe in Babylon,  
 Sate by Euphrates flowry side,  
 With sad laments and moane,  
 We sold to minde faire Sions pride,  
 with Harpe and Lute,  
 our Viols mute,  
 and instruments we hung  
 on willow tree'n,  
 that planted been,  
 the rivers there among.

Then said they that along,  
 Vs captives brought in scoffing sort,  
 Let's heare your Hebrew songs,  
 And melody, to make us sport:

Alas, said we,  
 how can that be,  
 in strangers land unknowne?  
 so far remou'd  
 from Sion lou'd,  
 as loathed Babylon.

Let my right hand forget  
 The warbling harpes harmonious straines,  
 Or to my pallat let  
 My parched tongue cleave for my paines,

Ife're I doe  
 thy love forgoe;  
 or minding this base earth,  
 so farre shoud erre,  
 not to preferre  
 faire Salem in my mirth.  
 Remember Edoms sons,  
 O Lord, on Sion's fatall day,  
 How they then all at once,  
 With cursed noise did cry, and say,  
 Now Sion fals,  
 downe goe her wals,  
 why doe we stand at gaze?  
 her turrets round,  
 throw downe to ground,  
 her stately bulwarkes raze.  
 O daughter Babylon,  
 Wasted with milery in fine,  
 Time shall be, when shall none  
 Pitle thee, that not pitied'st mine:  
 Blest then we shall  
 th' Avenger call,  
 that scorning mothers moanes,  
 shall dath the braines  
 of infants slaine,  
 against the ruthlesse stones.

## PSALME 150.

**P**Raise ye the Lord ye Saints,  
 Within his Sanctuary,  
 Praise him in firmament  
 Of power, that doth not vary;  
 In Temple faire  
 Of holinesse,

And

And righteouſneſſe,  
His praife declare.

Praife him according to  
His greatneſſe excellence,  
And noble acts that ſhow  
His rare magnificence:  
Praife him with Flute,  
And merry noiſe,  
Of Trumpets voice,  
And Harpe and Lute.

Praife him with Cimbals ſound,  
Dances, and Madrigals,  
With Muſiques ſweeteſt ground,  
Organs and Virginals:  
With Cimbals ſhrill,  
Let Viols ſweet,  
And Pfalt'ry meet,  
To praife him ſtill.

His laud, let ay moſt riſe,  
Well tuned Cimbals ſound,  
With Timbrels, Strings, and Pipe;  
His praifes moſt renown'd,  
Let every thing,  
Doth life afford  
And breath, the Lord  
His praifes ſing.

FINIS.





**I**F any well affected Gentleman shall  
bee desirous to sing the Hebrew,  
Greeke, or Latine Psalmes, to these  
tunes, or the tunes of the Church, to  
his Lute, or other Musique, there are  
manie, or most of the Psalmes so fitted,  
and for a taste of them, these in Greeke  
and Latine here presented: the Hebrew  
to it, and all the rest being readie (if op-  
portunitie were) to bee offered to pub-  
licke view.

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## Ψαλμ α.

Μακάριος ὁς ἐν ἀσεβῶν,  
 ἐν βελῷ ἢ καθίζει,  
 Στήρ' εἰν ὁδῷ ἁμαρτανῶν,  
 καθέδρα λοιμῶν καθίζει  
 Ἄλλ' ἐν τῷ νόμῳ κυεῖ  
 τὸ δέλημ' αὐτῇ θήσκει  
 Καὶ ἡμέρας νόμῳ αὐτῇ  
 καὶ νυκτὶς μελετήσκει  
 Ἐσται παρ' ὄχθας ὑδάτων  
 πεφυτευμένον ὡσεὶ  
 Ἐύλον, ὃ καρπὸν ἐκφέρει  
 ἐν καρπῷ ἀποδώσει  
 Τὸ φύλλον μὲν οὐκ ἀποπίπτει  
 χάλα πάντα ὅς' αὖ ποιῇ  
 Οὐχ' ὥπως ἀσεβεῖς; ἐκείπλει  
 τὸς ὡσεὶ χῶν ἢ πνόιν.  
 Οὐκ ἐν ἐν κρίσει, ἢ σπυδαίων  
 ἀσεβῆς ἐν βελῇ κείται;  
 Ὅδον ἔγνω θεὸς γὰρ δικαίων  
 ὁδὸς ἁλλωνδ' ἀπολείται.

Idem Psal. i. Latine.

**B**eatuſ vir, non ambulans  
 conſiliis impiorum;  
 Non viâ ſtans, nec diſcubans  
 in ſede deriſorum;  
 Sed Lege Dei meditatũs  
 interdiu, noctuq; ;  
 Eſt ejus Lege jocundatuſ,  
 quaſi victu, veſtituq; ;  
 Et erit arbor, ceu plantata,  
 aquarum juxta rivos,

# Songs of Sion.

43

Fructus quæ feret, Deo grata,  
dulceis & tempestivos;  
Non comæ, folia defloruerint  
sed aget cuncta prosperè;  
Non impii sic; ceu gluma fuerint,  
quam rapiet ventus propere;  
Non in Iudicio, nec Sanctorum  
in cœtu, impius stabit;  
Quia viam novit Iah iustorum,  
impiorum reprobabit.

Ψαλ. ρκη.

Ὡς ὀλβιό· πᾶς ἐστὶ οἷς  
τὸν κυρὸν ὅς φοβεῖται  
Ὡς ἐν τρείβοιαν ἐμβεβῶς  
αὐτὲ βίον ποιεῖται  
Καρπὸς πόνων σὲ τέρπειαι,  
ἐδὼν λαβὼν δικαίως.  
Μάχαρ, θηπτόσε ἐστέαι,  
ζῶν ἔντε κ' ἡρεμαίως.  
Ὡς ἡμεῖς γυνὴ τῇ  
πίχης ὅμως σκέπτουσα  
Ἐλαῖς ὡσεὶ γέννα σῆ,  
πράπτειαν ἀμπτέχιστα.  
Οὕτως ἰδ' ὀλβιάσεται  
τὸν κυρὸν ὅς δέδοικεν,  
Σιωρόθεν σκεπτάσεται  
σ' ἀναξ· κατὰς εἰοικέν.  
Ἱερουσαλὴς θηπτόσεαι  
ἐν θινίαν ἕως ζῆς,  
Παίδων τε παίδας ὀψείαι,  
τῆς ὀλβον ἐνσεβὺς γῆς.

Idem

*Idem Psal. 128. Latine.*

**B**eatiss, O beatus ter,  
qui Dominum timebis,  
Vitam hiis viis suaviter  
incedens obtinebis,  
Dulceis laborum comedet  
vivens, vidensq; fructus,  
Spectabilis & fœlix es,  
mors te nec tanget luctus,  
Ceu vitis uxor contegens,  
domus tuæ parietes,  
Erit ut oliva ambiens,  
mensam tua progenies;  
Sic prosperare faciet,  
virum qui timet Deum,  
Atq; è Sione proteget  
scuto salutis eum,  
Fœlicitatem supra salem,  
videas, ac donec vives  
Natos natorum, sicut pacem,  
Israelis inter cives.

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# PSALMES, OF

ψαλμ. 137.

Ἐπὶ τῶν ποταμῶν  
 Βαβυλῶν ἡμεῖς ἐκδηλοῦμεν  
 Καὶ ἐν τῷ ᾧ Σιών  
 μνησθῆναι ἡμᾶς ἐκλεύσαμεν.  
 Τοῖ' ὅτι ταῖς, μὲν ἰτεαῖς  
 ἡμεῖς μέσσωμεν  
 ἡμῶν λύρας, καὶ κίθαρας,  
 ἐκεῖ ἐκρημάσαμεν.  
 Τοῦτε ἐπηρώτησαν  
 αἰχμαλωτεύσαντες ἡμᾶς  
 Ἀπαγγέλλοντες δὲ  
 ἡμᾶς ἁπλῶς μουσικῆς,  
 ὕμνον ἡμῶν, ᾄσατε πν  
 ὅτι τῶν ὁδῶν ᾧ Σιών,  
 Πᾶς ἄσωμεν ἱερὴν ὁδὴν  
 ἐπὶ γῆς ἀλλοτρίῳ.  
 Ἱερουσαλήμ, ἦν σε  
 ἐπιλάθωμαι πρὸς ἐπιλησθῆναι  
 Δεξία μου, γλώσσα μου  
 τῷ λαρυγγί μου πολλὴ βοήθεια  
 Ἐὰν μὴ τὴν Ἱερουσαλήμ  
 παραναταξοίμην  
 Ἐν ἀρχῇ ᾧ εὐφροσύνης  
 ὡς πάλας εἰσθλῶ.  
 Μνησθῆναι κύριε τῶν  
 ὁδῶν ἡμεῶν τὴν ἡμεῶν  
 Τῆς Σάλημ λεγόντων  
 κενῶτε ἐκκενῶτε τὰν,  
 Ἐως ᾧ γῆς, καὶ πρὸς αὐτῆς  
 ἕως τῶν θυγατέρων,  
 Ὅσαι μὲν τα λαίπυροι  
 θυγάτηρ Βαβυλῶν.

С

Μαργαρίτα

## Songs of Sion.

Μαγείθ' ἀνὴρ, τοῖον  
 ἀνταποδώσει, ὡς ὑμῖν.  
 Ἀνταπόδωμα οἶον  
 ἀνταποδώκατε ἡμῖν  
 Μαγείθ', ὁ ἀνὴρ ὅς  
 κρᾶτων ἐδαριεῖ  
 Τέρενα τὰ σε νῆμα,  
 ὡς τὴν πέτραν ἱεῖ.

*Idem Psal. 137. Latine.*

**A**D flumina Babylonis  
 ac Mæsti olim sedimus,  
 Dum sanctæ nos Syonis  
 recordaremur flevimus.  
 Suspendimus salicibus  
 in ripis organa,  
 Cum Citharis dulciloquis  
 plectraq; Eburnea-  
 Illic interrogabant  
 qui nos captivos detulissent,  
 Et cantica rogabant  
 qui nosmet eò abduxissent,  
 Quid rei vobis, cantate nobis  
 de canticis Syonis,  
 Dicturi flemus, quid hic canemus  
 in terra Babylonis.  
 Mea dextra percat  
 si tui oblitus fuero,  
 O Salem, lingua hæreat  
 fauci in tui meminero,  
 Si nobilem Ierusalem  
 velut in principio,  
 Summæ meæ læticiæ  
 non proposuero.

## PSALMES, &c.

Memento filiorum

Edom, O Deus, in die Salem,

Qui in eam hanc stultorum,  
vocem eboarunt infernalem,

Dum clamaverunt, & dixerunt,  
destruite munimenta,

Exinanite, exinanite,  
diruite fundamenta.

Heu filia Babylonis

Misella, sed beatus ille,

Qui lege Talionis  
retribuet tibi probra mille,

Beatus ille, qui Misellæ  
ad petram nuper satos

Allidet captos, matris raptos  
è sinu parvos natos.

FINIS.

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C 2

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These Psalms following were  
left out, being doubly translated,  
and some others.

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PSALME 6,

**O** Lord doe not rebuke me in  
Thy wrathfull indignation,  
Chastize me not in due to sin,  
Displeasures aggravation:  
Have mercy on me Lord, for I  
Am weake, and plung'd in misery;  
Lord helpe me, for my bones are vext,  
My soule is also troubled sore:  
But Lord, how long wilt thou explore  
My faults, and punish me perplex?  
Lord turne to thy wonted grace,  
Save and deliver me;  
My soule flies, pity her poore case,  
For mercies sake to thee:  
For why, in death no man we find  
Remembreth thee, or who shall mind  
To giue thee praises in the pit?  
But weary of my groanes and feares,  
Each night wash I my bed with teares,  
My couch with teares I water it,



For very griefe and foes withall,  
 My beauties flowre doth fade,  
 Thence worne away, hence from me all  
 In vanity is who'e trade;  
 The Lord the voice of my sad teares,  
 The voice of my petition, heares  
 My praiers, he will receive the same.  
 Confounded shalbe all my foes,  
 Sore vext and turned backe, and those  
 That wrong me put to sudden shame.

## P S A L M E 23.

**M**Y Sheepheard is th' everliving Lord God  
 So loving that therefore that I nothing can need.  
 In pastures faire to make my abroad,  
 He leadeth me pleasantly forth for to feed:  
 Faire fields, sweet flowers, beauty excellling,  
 Every where seeme to bespangle the way;  
 Coole foulds, shady bowers, pleasure there dwelling,  
 Still to encircle my steps where I stray,  
 That from the mountaines, as downe to the fountaines;  
 He led me along by most pleatfull fields,  
 To the rivers the water's of comfort that yeelds.  
 So gone out of sadnesse, my soule into gladnesse,  
 He brought to that happy and heavenly shore,  
 Where never should sorrow encompasse me more.  
 Yea, though in vale of the shadow of death  
 I walked, yet he in his mercy did guide  
 And keep my feet, that as long as I breath,  
 From the way they should never of godlinesse slide.  
 Nights blacke terrors sore did affright me,  
 Yet on thy rod and thy staffe did I stay;  
 Hels blacke errors more did despise me,  
 Till by thy shepheards hooke chased away,  
 And to my foes faces my cup with thy graces;  
 And table bedecked did richly abound,  
 With balme ay refreshed my temples were crown'd.  
 Which since so to save her, my soule hath thy favour;  
 My life in thy house, and my dayes I will spend:  
 In thy Témple for ever, where graces descend.

## PSALME 108.

**M**Y heart and my tongue is prepared in song,  
 O my God, my glory alwaies :  
 Awake Lute and Harpe, I my selfe will awake  
 right early, to sing and give praise.  
 I will praise thee O Lord, and thy mercies record,  
 I will sing unto thee among Nations,  
 And raise up alwaies thy gear glory and praise  
 among people and generations:  
 For thy mercy is great above heavens fear,  
 and thy truth unt o the clouds reaching,  
 Exalt thy selfe hyc, O God above skye  
 and thy glory o're all the earth streaching,  
 Thy beloved that we, delivered may see,  
 send helpe from thy holy place ;  
 O stand with us, and aide us with thy right hand,  
 and heare us of thy good grace :  
 Out of his holy hill God hath spoken, I will  
 reioyce, and Sichem divide,  
 I will mete out the vale of Succoth withall,  
 and Gilead he is on my side,  
 Manasses with me, and Ephraim he,  
 is the strength of my head and stay,  
 And never to leave her, shall Iuda persevere,  
 Law-giver for ever and ay ;  
 Men Moab shall see, my washpot to be,  
 over Edom my shooc will I throw,  
 Triumphant in fine, over Palestine,  
 I to the strong City will goe :  
 Who will leade me along, into the same strong  
 City, of the Philistines their seat ?  
 Who is he that will be a conductor to me  
 to bring me to Edom the great ?

O God,

O God, why hast thou forsaken us now?  
 why wilt thou not helpe us O God?  
 Or why no more, as thou used'st of yore,  
 went'st thou forth with our armies abroad?  
 'Gainst troubles relieve us, & saving health give us,  
 vaine else is the helpe of man knowne;  
 So shall we through thee do right valiantly,  
 being thou tread'st our enemies downe.

## P S A L M E 130.

**O** Ut of the lowest deepes depressed,  
 Doubts and dangers great distressed,  
 On thy mercy most relying,  
 Vnto thee, O Lord, with crying,  
 Sore with misery enthralled,  
 And with sighes and teares I called,  
 O heare, heare, O heare, bow downe  
 Thine care, attend and heare  
 My sighes, my cries, my praier.  
 If thou straitly O most Highest,  
 What is done amisse descryest,  
 Who O Lord can stand before thee?  
 But for mercy we adore thee:  
 Mercy is with thee declared,  
 Mercy that thou maist be feared,  
 O heare, heare, O heare, bow downe  
 Thine care, attend and heare  
 My voice, my noise, my praier.  
 I have waited Lord upon thee,  
 Yea my soule hath waited on thee;  
 I have trusted in thy word,  
 And my soule waits on the Lord,  
 Early ere the watch returning,  
 Morning watch, the dawning morning,  
 O heare, heare, O heare, bow downe

Thine

# Songs of Sion.

49

Thine care, attend and heare  
 My moanes, my groanes, my praier,  
 Israel wait on the Lord,  
 For with him is mercy stor'd,  
 And with his best excellences,  
 Great redemption from offences;  
 All his sins that Israel saveth,  
 And shall ever who so craveth:  
 O heare, heare, O heare, 'twixt hopes  
 And feares, with sobs and teares,  
 My sighes, my cries, my praier.

## PSALME 150.

**O** Praise the Lord in holinesse,  
 You Saints of his his praise professe,  
 Within his Temple faire and trim,  
 And firmament of power, praise him:  
 Praise him in all his noble acts,  
 His mightinesse and famous facts,  
 according to his excellence  
 Of greatnesse, and magnificence.  
 Praise him in sound of Trumpets noise,  
 Praise him with Lute, and Harpes sweet voice,  
 Praise him with Cimbals and the like,  
 With Tabret, Dances, Strings, and Pipe,  
 Praise him in Musiques sweetest ground,  
 On the well tuned Cimbals sound,  
 Praise him with pleasant Madrigals,  
 Loud Cimbals and sweet Virginals;  
 Let every thing death life afford,  
 Breath out the praises of the Lord.



# A Table of the severall Psalmes (with the tunes they are set too) in this Booke.

Tune.	Psalme.	Page.
1. The man of life upright, or a Lancashire tune, or H. Pipe.	Thrice blest. Ps. 1. pa. 1.	
2. O. Dido, or Ia. Shore	Thine ire Lord. ps. 6. p. 3.	
3. Goe from my window.	O L. our God. ps. 8. p. 3.	
4. walsingham.	In the Lord. ps. 11. p. 4.	
5. I sigh as sure.	When that Israel. ps. 114 pag. 31.	
6. Dulcina.	How long wilt. ps. 13. p. 5	
7. Barow Faustus dreame	Lord within thy. ps. 15. pag. 6.	
8. The Hunters Careere.	Save me and. ps. 16. p. 7.	
9. The borders of Scotland.	L. the heavens. ps. 19. p. 8.	
10. Callaice, or Crimson Velvet..	My shepheard. ps. 23. p. 9	
11. All in a Garden Greene.	Like th' Hart that. ps. 42. pag. 10.	
12. In the Torrone, or Susan.	Iudge my cause. ps. 43. pag. 12.	
	All people. ps. 47. p. 13.	
	Great is the. ps. 48. p. 15.	
	I did in hart. ps. 122. p. 34.	
	Why dost. ps. 52. p. 16.	
	13. The	

# The Table of the

Tune.	Psalme.	Page.
13. The Marigold that opens, or Fortune.	Have mercy. ps. 57. p. 17.	2
14. Palmas, or Complaine my Lute.	O God thou. ps. 60. p. 18.	1
15. Faire Angell of Eng- land, or Sweete Ro- bin.	Regard O L. ps. 61. p. 19.	1
16. Phillis, Hilas, or the fairest Nympe the val- lies.	O God all. ps. 65. p. 21.	1
17. New So Ho.	O Lo. do not. ps. 6. p. 45.	P
18. Queene of Love, or, Vnderneath the sha- die.	Thou O God ps. 63. p. 20.	L
19. Abram awake.	If the Lord ps. 124. p. 36.	3
20. Yellow ribbon, or will you be gone.	O Lord how. ps. 84. p. 22.	3
21. Iane Shore, or Come sorrow.	Firmly for ev. ps. 87. p. 24.	3
22. The same tune, or Q. Dido.	The L. asking. ps. 93. p. 25.	3
23. Rich Merchant man, or the tune of the 25. Psalme.	The L. alone. ps. 97. p. 26.	3
24. Moll Sims, or Dulce Maria by Coperario.	The Lord in. ps. 99. p. 27.	3
25. withers tune, or Pul- shrior si sit.	Mercy I wil. ps. 101. p. 28.	3
26. what if a day.	O God my heart. ps. 108.	3
27. The Kings tune, or who can blame my woe.	The Lord unto. ps. 110.	3
	pag. 30.	3
	Out of the deeps. ps. 130.	3
	pag. 37.	3
	All nations. ps. 117. p. 132.	3
	Gloria patri.	3
	All praise, &c. ibid.	3
	I lift my eyes. ps. 121.	3
	pag. 33.	3
	Vp to thee I lift. ps. 123.	3
	pag. 35.	3
	When as the. ps. 126. p. 36.	3
	As we in Babylon. ps. 137.	3
	pag. 38. And the same	3
	in Greeke and Latine.	3
	28. To	3

# Psalmes and Tunes.

	Tune.	Psalmc.	Page.
7.	28. To the tune of the	Praise ye the Lord.	
8.	148. Psalmc.	psal. 150. pag. 39.	
9.		Maxwell G. Beatus vir.	
1.	29. Tune of the ordinary	psal. 1. pag. 42.	
5.	Psalmes, or Rogero, or	'Ως ὁ ἄβι G. Beatus, O.	
0	Ladies fall.	psal. 128. pag. 43. 44.	
6.	30. Daphne.	My shepheard. ps. 23. p. 46	
	31. Earle of Essex funerall	Out of the lowest deeps.	
2.	Elegy, or O Hone.	psal. 130. pag. 48.	
	32. Barbara, or Starrie	My heart and my &c.	
4	Diana.	psal. 108. pag. 47.	
5	33. Iane Shore, Aeneas,	O praise the Lord in	
6	or, The like before &c.	psal. 150. pag. 49.	

## P O S T S C R I P T.

**H**owsoever these plaine tunes are  
thus fitted to these Psalmes, for  
the benefit and use of the lesse skilfull,  
it shall (I hope) be no prejudice to the  
excellent Musicians of this age, but  
that at their pleasure they may fit them  
to more curious and delightfull tunes  
and aires, whether now or anciently de-  
vised.

Errata.

## Errata.

**P**age 3. Line 6. moane, *reade* moanes. Page 4. Li. 8. bow, *reade* bowes. and line 14. foundation, *reade* foundations. Page 10. line 14. that, *reade* yet. Page 13. line 15. thou, *reade* then. Page 15. line 17. King each, *reade* Kings each one. and line 18. to get her, *reade* together. Page 18. line 24. after and, *reade* as in their aide. Page 20. line 6. praise, *reade* praises. and line 8. daily pay, *reade* duly pay. Page 22. line 29. ycomen, *reade* that men. Page 26. line 3. waves, *reade* voice. Page 27. li. 7. lo, *reade* low. Page 29. line 2. for profit, *reade* profit. and line 19. shroud, *reade* shrouds. Page 30. line 14. after might, *reade* that o're thine enemies all O God. Page 31. line 14. towards, *reade* Istowards. Page 35. line 30. save yet, *reade* save us yet. Page 36. line 19. over soule, *reade* over our soule. Page 37. after line 9. supply this Verse following,

Turne then O Lord our bondage againe,  
Like to the rivers out of the South descending,  
That with their plenty do cover the plaine,  
And water the vallies which way soever wending;  
Then, O then, we here shall find  
They that sow in sadnesse,  
Leaving teares and griefe behind,  
Reape in ioy and gladnesse,  
Who indeed, with precious seed,  
Went out weeping on the way,  
Turn'd againe, not in vaine,  
Bringing home his sheaves with ioy.

**FINIS.**



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